

EÖLSYNÉ

AND OTHER POEMS

BY H. BINDON BURTON



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EÖLSYNÉ

AND OTHER POEMS

BY H. BINDON BURTON

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TO MY WIFE
I DEDICATE THESE VERSES.

*"Through Summer, Winter, Autumn, Spring,
Love soars eternal on the wing."*

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NARRATIVE POEMS

EÖLSYNÉ

TALL, fair and queenly,
The Princess Eölsyné:
Love-gifted, and one who'll
Be known as "The Beautiful
Princess of Volsyné."

In the golden-wedded South ;
In the moments of the morn,
At the time of reaping corn,
There was passed from mouth to mouth
That a royal child was born.

Beautiful was the earth
At that happy time,
Poets, whose sublime
Melody and rhyme
Were theirs from their birth,
Were called to make all mirth.

EÖLSYNÉ

So the poet came
And sang with impassioned fire,
And the bard on the trembling lyre
Told with prophetic flame
Of her high-born name.

In the palace garden,
Under a mystic vine
Trailed like the wild wood-bine,
Flowers were strewn, unmarred in
The beauty of their design.

Hither came the bard who sung
Of the glory yet unborn ;
Here the poet came who told
Of the birth of many a morn,
Fairer than the morns of old.

And the flowers blushed and paled,
Gave, but half suppressed a sigh,
Like the night-wind sweeping by
The leaves of a summer tree :
For they knew the poet's eye
Read along the time unveiled,
Read but framed a golden lie.

EÖLSYNÉ

Minstrelsy in lofty strains
Smote the soul, and died away :
Words that hold the hearts in sway
With their linked and golden chains
Of eloquence, woke hearts of clay
To beat for once for precious gains.

Banquets, feastings, song and dance,
Hold the court with sounds of joy ;
And knights were there who hurled the
lance
In tournament long learnt of Troy ;
And those soft eyes whose every glance
Was made to dazzle and destroy.

Over the whole land
By the royal hand
Favours were strewn,
Bounties were thrown ;
And all the people blessed the giver,
Whose gifts were golden freight
That was carried down the river
And given to all the State.

.

EÖLSYNÉ

From a window of the palace
Looking over fountains sending
Trembling, sparkling, dancing waters
Into many a golden chalice
Held by nymphs and moon-loved daughters
Hebe-like, in beauty bending.

From the window—far away,
There was seen
In gold array
And purple mist,
The City of the East
In the splendour of a queen.

The princess at the window leant,
Her gaze on other spheres was bent ;
Her eyes like stars seen in a pool :
She was the maid Eölsyné,
Princess of Volsyné,
Known as the Beautiful.

Faultlessly beautiful was she ;
But perchance too haughtily cold
For impassioned eyes to see,
Or longing arms to enfold :

EÖLSYNÉ

Cold with a high disdain, and pale
And yet she wore no falling veil
To make her seem less cold.

Long she looked on that far land
Listlessly and dreamily ;
Thinking, feeling seemingly,
That the city kissed
By the purple mist,
Might hold the lover of her hand.

At her bidding a minstrel sang
To his harp of gold
Some fond romance of old
That of love and valour told ;
And his voice with passion rang
As he told how the lady's knight
Sought her in love and fight,
Sought her with all his might,
But the lady looked on cold.

Until the knight at length
Urged no more his suit,
But left her sad and mute,
And departed worn in strength,
On another route.

EÖLSYNÉ

And how the lady proud—
For albeit she did love one—
When she heard her knight was gone,
Wept with passion aloud,
And her maidens found her swooned—
So deadly was her wound—
And her head in anguish bowed.

But all her grief was vain,
For her knight comes not again
To ask her for his bride ;
In the battle he was slain,
And the lady learning it
Wept bitterly and died.

She listed to the bard's sad theme,
And seemingly listed still, for she
Was in a mantled reverie
That is neither soul nor dream,
Until at length the crimson tide
Of inmost passion rose and rushed
Tumultuously along, and flushed
Her cheek and brow with love and pride.

No note was unmellowed or sharp
To break that phantom of a dream,
For with mystic sweetness sung the harp
Over many a changing theme ;

EÖLSYNÉ

Raising every high desire
With a passion, with a fire,
Ever higher :

Higher—piercing cloud on cloud,
Under which the wrestling thought
Insatiate, troubled, long had bowed,
And long in vain had fought.

Higher—pushing back the veil
That trembles all midway between
The worlds that are and are not seen.
She heard all, dreamy-like and pale,
In beauty fallen deadly wan,
In a tremor of 'wilderer fancy wrapt ;
When a chord on the harp on a sudden
snapt,
And the painted dream was gone.

From the woven dream she woke ;
Looked, nor turned, nor aught she spoke
What her wondrous eyes had seen
While the vision round her glowed ;
In her face, nor by her mien,
She not for a moment showed.

Though far away to the golden walls
Of the purple mist-clad palace she strayed
In dream and fancy phantom-made,

EÖLSYNÉ

Pausing over the slopes and falls,
And interlacing colonnades
Glowing with plumes of many shades,
And linings hung with sweeping palls.

“ ‘ So,’ says the king ”—her lips so moved
But never a syllable uttered—“ so
My father—‘ you my deem it no,
Yet loved you are, and dearly loved
By the prince whose city thou seest
In shadow and mist
In the purple East.’ ”

“ And if my father says it, so say I ;
Yet who this prince and why his love
of me ?

I have not seen him certes—If he be free
To come and woo me, O then let him come
With sword and lance to take me to his
home,
For what is love if it be for ever dumb ?

“ Oh ! let him hither haste him—how I wait
All trembling to behold him—for I know
Not if he be the worth of love or hate,
Nor if he be surround with glitter and glow,
And have less soul than any in the state.

EÖLSYNÉ

“ If he be worthy, surely I will love him :
Oh ! send that he be worthy and that none
That serve him be in form or grace above him
Or else—alas for me—the hour is run,
And I be all undone.”

In gold and purple light and dreamy shade,
Columns of plastic beauty—works of art
Carved with sublime tuition, soul and heart,
And harmony of a world of fancy made,
After the wisdom of the worshipped beautiful.

For so the palace of the sun-born East
Stood in its god-like fairness. Riches,
boons,
Irradiated treasures, wealth of moons,
And thoughts snatched from the stars were
there to feast
Unsullied passion, wedded round with
fancy.

Eroslyn was the worshipped prince
Of this fair palace of the East ;
He of all the proud and great
That dazzled there in court and state,
In these past days a long time since,
He the prince was not the least.

EÖLSYNÉ

Temples, shrines and warrior towers
Rose in splendour through the land,
Where were nursed the nation's powers,
And the fire of freedom fanned :
For so he built his power, not through
Blind, despotic tyranny,
And so a mighty people grew
To the God-like wisdom true,
And stately as a forest tree.

Round him thronged the great and wise ;
Statesmen, warriors, men of weight,
Skilled to make a nation rise,
And a kingdom's people great.
All their plans were well arranged,
They were not to be alarmed,
Though their cherished fortunes changed,
And the coming dangers swarmed.

And on a day his nobles came,
Bowing low before his throne,
And an audience did they claim ;
And he bade them choose them one
Who should speak for all the rest,
Who should tell him of their quest.

EÖLSYNÉ

And he heard how they would have
Ever princes of his blood,
Like him noble, like him good,
Guardians of the laws he gave,
Who should rule them to all time :
So they 'sought him seek a bride
There or in some other clime,
Worthy to be at his side.

And he passed his royal word—
Had his eyes some image seen ?
Had his ears no rumours heard
Of the beauty of the Queen ?

.

Eulissa was a knight esteemed
More than any in the state,
Generous and of noble bearing ;
With the people he was great :
For his martial deeds of daring
Brought home glory little deemed,
And amongst the proudest nations
Gave his country foremost weight.

EÖLSYNÉ

Of him the prince made choice to go
To the Land of Volsyné
To obtain the Princess's hand ;
For through the whole length of the land
Words were swinging to and fro
Full of the praises of Eölsyné.

When the looked-for morning broke
For the knight to mount and away,
All the stately city woke
Gorgeous as a bridal day ;
And they brought him horse and sword,
And clad him all from head to foot,
And flowers and wreaths along the route
Were by a thousand maidens poured:

And by a thousand maidens the song
Of warlike deeds and valour was sung,
And all the air with praises rung
Around him as he went along :
And on he went the joyful way ;
And many prayers for glory welled ;
And one dear maid of all he held
Within his arms—But, well a-day !

EÖLSYNÉ

Through woods, down valleys, and along the
streams

That lead to Volsyné the royal way
Eulissa went, singing a rounded lay
Of roseate pleasure—dreaming dreams
Of glory crowding into day.

Before him heralds rode to tell the King
Of Volsyné of his coming—and behind,
And either side, young cavaliers to bring
The chosen on his way—with many a string
Of presents rare and beautiful of their kind.

Volsyné built in the midst of beauty and
choice,

Loaded with treasures of countries and
kissed by the sea.

That carried a nations wealth to her
treasury,
Giving her children in lofty tribunals a voice.

Volsyné seen from the prow of a vessel at sea
With the sun sunk below the gold it has
strewn ;

Volsyné seen in the luminous love of the
moon,
Moving in starry-lit veil of her canopy :

EÖLSYNÉ

Seen at the sunset, or even or ope of the day,
Visions of beauty and magic crowded the
brain,
Rolling away from life the dead burden of
pain,
And giving a soul to the sordid dullness of
clay.

Oh ! for the eyes of those blind who never
will see:
Bent on the lure of the hour and unwisdom
of gain ;
Following phantoms and shadows over the
plain,
Nor caring, nor ever demanding a thought to
be free.

Volsyné beautiful, worthy a princess so fair;
She is more precious than merchandise—
her two full eyes
Conquer the hearts of princes and bear off
the prize,
And rob from the Garden of Eden its waters
and air.

.

EÖLSYNÉ

Eulissa came—the lofty gates
That guard the city are flung aside,
Their welcoming arms are opened wide
To bid him enter with songs and fêtes :
And to the palace heralds rode
Mid peals and shouts of joyous ring,
Bearing along the precious load
Of lordly presents for the king.

Old and wise was Volsyné's king,
His only child Eölsyné,
Borne him by his long-mourned Queen—
Was the joy of all his years ;
And who to wed her 'sooth must be
Worthy much of her—for he
Would henceforth reign within his spheres.

Sumptuous feastings long were held,
And sounds are heard of revelry
Through all the streets of Volsyné :
And of Eroslyn voices welled
Praises, telling of his name,
Of his princeliness and fame :
For he kept court royally.

EÖLSYNÉ

The feast and pleasures now are done,
And Volsyné's princess gave command
That suit might now be made for her
hand,
And her heart might now be won.

Down, down, before her feet
The precious glittering gems are laid
With odours smelling rare and sweet,
And garments for a princess made.

Down before her were strewn the gifts,
The gold and purple of royal hue ;
And many a jewelled treasure drifts,
And dazzles there before her view.

Eulissa mused—enrapt the while
In thought—looked where in many shades
And colours brought from Eastern Isle,
The princess sat with all her maids.

He bade the minstrel-knight to play
A song of love—and on the strings
Of 'passioned chords the golden lay
In burning notes and numbers rings.

EÖLSYNÉ

He beckoned his king's sweet-throated boy,
And through the hall the burden floats ;
All hearts are overcome with joy,
And rise and fall along its notes.

But cold—how cold the princess's eyes ;
Oh ! had the minstrelsy been felt,
She would not thus so queenly rise
And show her far too cold to melt.

She would not thus so queenly rise
And check the wild mirth of the song,
And with those proud disdainful eyes
Mar all the pleasure of the throng.

.

She saw Eulissa—him alone :
With him she of the minstrel's rhyme
Talked airily, and noted many a one
Of the gifts sent from her lover's clime.

“And you,” she said, “have you no boon
To offer to a princess—no
Sweet-moulded ditty, fairer tune,
Than here a moment ceased to flow ? ”

EÖLSYNÉ

She touched a trinket that he wore
For her he loved most in his land :
Eulissa took the jewelled ore,
And placed it in her craving hand.

She took it gracious, saying, “ Now,
You are my true and loyal knight,
And with new laurels on your brow,
Claim me as trophy of the fight.

“ Say not the king who sends you here
To seek me for him, will cry you false ;
For if he loved me he'd be here,
And not within his castle walls.”

And throwing off her gauze-like guise,
“ O Love,” she cried, “ Oh, I am slain
With love—and I no more am wise
For all is lost in golden pain.

“ Alas, the dawn I dreaded breaks :
Your coming was my night of thought
That now at length full grown awakes,
And in Love's meshes fast is caught.

EÖLSYNÉ

“ O I am false to what is true
In my own being—all is passed,
That seemed so faultless—seeing you,
I knew full well it could not last.

“ O go—return with smile or frown,
And let your king the fullest know,
How all his suit is broken down,
And henceforth must be ever so.”

.

Yes—even so—Eulissa all forgot
The wooing and the winning of the maid,
That was his soul's work yesterday—now
what
Of her? whose lightest wish he then
obeyed,
And longed to know, so he might serve
each thought,
And be the genie of the little wand,
Which waved by fairy hand rich fancies
brought :
And all because he had grown over-fond.

.

EÖLSYNÉ

A cloud is on the purple East ;
The star of Volsyné's king is sunk :
The maid whose lips Eulissa pressed
The day past, is with sorrow drunk.
Alas !—for joy and mourning go,
And pass their noon-tide hand in hand ;
And then there comes the after glow,
And all is silent in the land.

ENONÉ

ENONÉ sat in a lonely tower,
Like a beautiful wayside flower
Exposed to the glare of the noontide
day,
And left in the evening to fade away
On the cold grey form of unpitying stone ;
To weep and sigh and die alone,
Where lover and friend were none.

For the sun had scarcely taken its rest
On the evening's warm and heaving
breast,
And the shades of night were beginning
to fall
On the massive tower and its gloomy wall :
And Enoné still leant sadly there ;
And there floated along the tremulous air
Her tresses of golden hair.

ENONÉ

Never could breath of the evening wind
Beauty so strange and wondrous find :
 Never could eye of the sleepless tree
 Beauty so rare and radiant see :
But alas 'twas the beauty imbuing the flower
To last for the length of a summer hour,
 Away in the cold still tower.

The winds went slowly in silent awe,
And seemed to sorrow at what they saw ;
 They whispered a word to the trees below,
 And *they* bowed their heads—yes, they
 seemed to know—
And they lifted their palms as if in prayer
For the one they loved—so debonair—
 So young, so passing fair.

And Enoné raised her eyes ; for soon
The parting clouds revealed the moon :
 And from its orb there fell a beam
 On the far off waters of the stream :
And she raised her hands to her startled eyes,
For the sudden parting of the skies
 Revealed a paradise.

ENONÉ

Afar on the face of the tranquil lake
A mystic vapour seemed to shake—
It seemed like the shimmering of a veil—
Some boat was there with moving sail ;
And Enoné's heart throbbed with unrest,
For the secret of the boat she guessed,
And hope woke in her breast.

Nearer and nearer the boat now steers,
And the plashing of the waves she hears :
Her eyes are fixed upon the boat—
She sees it ever nearer float—
Now a banner white as the moon does flow,
The moon whose face is pure as snow—
All silently to and fro.

No more her eyes around it dwelled :
Enough, enough has she beheld ;
To know, to feel, that snow-white banner
Had floated in no usual manner ;
To know, to feel, her craving sight
Beheld the banner's trembling flight,
The banner that was white.

ENONÉ

The maiden's tower, alas, is high ;
Its gloomy turrets touch the sky—
 Had ever maid so sad a fate ?
 Was ever hope so desolate ?
O could she leap from those turrets tall ;
Could she unhurt escape the fall
 Down that tremendous wall ?

A sound she hears—it is the sound
Of horses' hoofs on the rising ground—
 A sound that makes her heart to beat
 With the throb impelled by Love's own
 heat :
Then a mantled form on a milk-white steed
Comes on apace—comes on with speed,
 And hastens along the mead.

“ O haste,” she cries, “ O rider haste
Ere hope of the midnight runs to waste :
 O the golden hope on the morn is flown:
 If it should find me here alone !
Ride, ride on the galloping winds of the
 air ;
O ride, ride fast for all you dare—
 For the love to me you bear.”

ENONÉ

“Enoné”—O that voice, that word
Enthrals her, and again is heard
That voice that breathed upon her name ;
That voice that o’er her senses came—
Like falling dews from heaven descending,
And on a lily stricken, bending,
Joy of new life is sending.

“Enoné—wilt thou come ? Ah dare
You down the ropen ladder there ?
Tho’ great the risk, yet this strong arm
Will keep my darling one from harm :
To-morrow !—Ah, to-morrow is nigh—
Another will claim you—then good-bye
To kiss and love and sigh.”

She hears—but for a moment there
She kneels—her soul sends up a prayer :
And rising up in her garments white,
That flutter soft in the pale moonlight—
She gains the lofty turret wall :
Her tresses over her shoulders fall,
And the height her eyes appal.

ENONÉ

But fear and weakness now are gone—
The dread of “To-morrow” lures her on—
 She knows, she feels she cannot stay ;
 For the sky is now already grey,
And the morning—Ah ! no more—’tis done :
The tardy sands of doubt are run,
 And fearless love has won.

Her lover’s arms are round her now ;
She feels his kisses on her brow :
 Across the dewy slope they speed ;
 No spur their willing coursers need :
And horsemen follow armed and strong
To guard them as they pass along ;
 And her heart is all in song.

The morning glows—and through the tower
They seek for her gone many an hour :
 Throughout its mazy chambers wind,
 To seek for her they cannot find—
An old man’s curses rend the air
And mix with mutterings of despair
 And she? Ah ! where—Ah ! where?

HAROLD AND EDITHA

“**G**O—tell the good Knight Harold
To haste him with all speed :
And bid him, I pray, make no delay
But mount the fleetest steed ;
For the good King’s dead—his life is sped,
And there’s none to take the lead.

“And take to him this weapon,
This goodly blade of steel,
To batter and blow the head of the foe ;
And I vow ’twill make him feel,
For ’tis doubly blest with seal and crest,
And blest with crest and seal.

“And bid him on me reckon
For a banquet well prepared ;
With sparkling wine from the good old
Rhine,
On which King Edward fared ;
And drank him oft from a gold carafe,
When his holy life was spared.”

HAROLD AND EDITHA

Thus spake that mighty prelate ;
Thus spake the good Aldred :
While a hundred and ten of his valiant men
Lifted the goblet red,
And drank to the health of their priest and
wealth,
And quick as the arrow sped.

And soon they reached the castle
Where good Knight Harold stayed,
And loud they knocked, for its gates were
locked ;
And loud was the noise they made :
Till they open flew to admit the crew
That loud for entrance prayed.

Then to those gallant gentlemen
The porter he did say—
“I mightily fear that you have come here
My sweet young lord to slay : ”
But they shook the fist and bade him desist
Or he should rue the day.

“Go, tell,” they say, “Knight Harold—
Go, tell unto your lord,

HAROLD AND EDITHA

That Aldred the priest has made his feast
And sendeth him his sword,
Which is doubly blest with seal and crest,
And graven with sacred word."

Then forth came good Knight Harold
And bade them welcome be ;
And ordered the men, to one hundred and ten,
To roll in jollity ;
And drink their cheer in a hogshead of beer,
To which they did agree.

And then he gazed him fondly
Upon his good old blade ;
And vowed by its steel, the foe should feel
Of what metal it was made :
Whilst he piously called to the powers
installed,
To witness what he said.

Then through his halls all oaken
And decked with armoury,
With bow and spear for many a year
Held by his ancestry :
He proudly thought how they conquered
and fought
In the good days formerly.

HAROLD AND EDITHA

Then came the Lady Editha,
Her fair young lord to greet ;
And he looked with pride on his dear young
bride,
And pressed her lips so sweet :
And he called his men to quickly hastén,
And for his steed so fleet.

“ Ah ! Whither away art thou, my lord ;
Ah ! Whither dost thou flee :
Some harm do I fear doth bring thee from
here—
Wilt thou not tell it to me ?
Oh, let me, I pray, go with thee the way,
I tremble to part from thee.”

Then Harold gazed him fondly
Upon his dear young bride,
And a timorous sigh and a tearful eye
Told how her young heart sighed ;
And the fond request of her throbbing breast
Was not to be denied.

Then with his arms right tenderly
He clasped her with fond embrace ;

HAROLD AND EDITHA

And on her brow—as white as snow—
And on her sweet young face,
A kiss he pressed and fondly caressed
His love, so full of grace.

“What grieveth thee, my gentle one ;
Why weepeth thee, my love :
O grieve not so, for my love shall go
Whither her lord shall rove ;
And my lady fair shall banish the care
That round her heart is wove.”

Thus did he cheer his Editha ;
And to her lord she said,
“ Alas, I did think of the sacred link
That made us one when we were wed ;
And, alas, thought I soon—ere by the new
moon—
My sweet young lord was dead.

“ Ah ! go I must with thee, my lord,
Whither my lord shall go :
But my heart doth bleed when I hear the
steed
Prancing impatient below :

HAROLD AND EDITHA

For I think of the fight, and shrink from
the sight
Of the tender blood that shall flow."

"Tush—tush—my fair one," Harold cried ;
While on his steed he got :
"Thou would'st not make me a coward for
thy sake
When the foe is left unfought ;
For victory the brave will bear to the grave
And weave him the chaplet he sought."

Then did his lady mount her steed,
And all was well prepared ;
Sir Harold then to his gallant men,
That had his fortunes shared,
Bade them to haste and let no time waste,
If they for their own lives cared.

Then said he to his castellan
That did his castle keep—
"Secure thou well my strong castlé,
And see thou dost not sleep ;
And more than all guard thou the walls
That 'round my donjon creep.

HAROLD AND EDITHA

“ And see thou let nor friend nor foe
 Within my castle gate,
Until thou dost see a mandate from me
 To alter the which I state ;
And if it thou durst disregard, then the worst
 Prepare thou for thy fate.

“ Now let us away, my men so bold,
 The day is well nigh run ;
And quick this light will turn to-night,
 But 'fore to-morrow's sun
Has cast a ray on another day,
 Our course must have been run.”

And soon the towers were left behind ;
 And soon their turrets grey
Were seen as a cloud or misty shroud,
 And soon they vanished away,
As with speed and force they measured their
 course :
And onward and onward rode they.

Further and further rode they,
 And still they faster rode ;
And darker it grew, as nearer they drew
 To a forest's black abode :

HAROLD AND EDITHA

But swift thro' the air they seemed scarce
aware
Of the ground their horses trode.

Then cried the Knight Sir Harold,
"A castle lies hard by,
Thither we'll stop—but tarry we not
'Till we to its gates draw nigh ;
For a rest we need for ourselves and steed,
And a bed whereon to lie."

But scarce had Harold spoken,
And scarce his last word died,
Ere a thunder storm in clouds did form :
But onward still they ride :
And with lightning speed each goaded his
steed,
And roundly gored its side.

"And now, my men," cried Harold,
"Another league haste on—
By the Rood I swear ye shall ill fare
If we be not there 'fore long : "
But naught was heard of his curse or word,
In the roar of the thunder strong.

HAROLD AND EDITHA

For the storm it rose and bellowed,
And flashed the lightning bright ;
The steeds they dashed—their teeth they
gnashed,
And they reared and shied in fright ;
And the winds they howled and the thunder
growled—
O 'twas a fearsome night.

At length they reached the castle,
And thundered at its gates ;
And the watchword flew and the gates
swung to
Heavily on their weights :
Then carousings red, with the storm
o'erhead,
The wild night devastates.

The morning came, and Harold rose
And summoned his valiant crew ;
Then placing his bride on her steed, they
ride
O'er the mead enveloped in dew ;
Till they come to the tower where rested
his power,
And its turrets rose to his view.

HAROLD AND EDITHA

Ten thousand armed men, hard and true
Rejoice in the morning's ride ;
And ten thousand cheers and the rattling of
spears
Awaken his joy and pride :
Half joyous, half sad—half fearful, half glad,
Are the eyes of his dear young bride :

'Till she reads his fate in the battle line,
And she mourns to be left alone :
She hears the song of the warriors strong
Rise high in heroic tone ;
And her eyes grow bright at the glorious
sight,
With a sadness all her own.

There stands the Prelate Aldred
With the Crown of England Royal ;
Surrounded by the chivalry
Of England leal and loyal ;
The Lords of State, the noble and great,
All robed in their enemy's spoil.

Then Harold knelt on bended knee,
He knelt him with his bride ;
And the Prelate Aldred placed the crown on
his head.

HAROLD AND EDITHA

And the cloisters echoed wide
The glorious shout of the men of redoubt,
The shout for the king of their pride.

But where is the shout of England's men,
The shout of the warrior knight ?
Go, go to the field, where the battle was
sealed ;

Go tremble, and mourn at the sight :
Alas ! see the gore of the heroes run o'er
The plains of that terrible fight.

See the sad queen, beauteous and wild,
Whose wail for her loved-one writhes the
plain ;

See her enfold a corse bleeding and cold,
And on his name calling in vain :
A queen's weeping voice, mourning her
loss
For Harold her Knight that is slain.

EDEN

GARDEN of fruit trees and flowers,
the Garden of Eden ;
Garden in loveliness nude ;
Garden with beauty o'er-strewed ;
Garden whose golden fruit wasted,
Was new life when tasted,
To the soul longing for food.

Adam, for whom was the garden made beautiful, dwelt there :
Adam, who had but to grieve,
And in his sleep God made Eve :
From his heart's side she was taken,
That when he should waken,
He to her ever should cleave.

Heaven had given this Eden, this garden
of splendour :
Garden of fruit trees and flowers ;
Garden of mystical bowers ;
All unto Adam from Heaven,
So, Eve too was given
Last, as the richest of dowers.

EDEN

But in the garden, and full of its heavenly
essence,

It pleaséd God to create

Trees two-fold, pregnant with fate :

One to be fatal to all age,

The fruit tree of knowledge ;

One to give life whoso ate.

“All of the garden is yours, the fruits and
the flowers ;

All that the longings deem sweet :

All to you given for meat :

But of one tree in the garden,

There ne’er can be pardon,

If ye take of it and eat.

“Not of the fruit tree of knowledge of Good
and of Evil,

Ye shall not taste for your life,

Lest I do meet you in strife,

And from the garden I’ve given,

Ye two shall be driven,

And both shall die, man and wife.”

EDEN

“Hath God thus spoken? Now I who am
cast out of Heaven—
Spurned from its heights and accurst—
Shall do the darkest I durst ;
Bring on this garden, all new in
Its beauty a ruin,
And on this couple the worst.

“ Have I been driven from Heaven—from
sweet unto bitter ?
God-King, deep shalt thou repent ;
Darken thy brow to resent
What I shall dare in my malice
Work out in my palace
To ruin them that are sent.”

Eve in the cool of the morning walked under
the palm trees,
On the most lonely made route,
Near to the power-giving fruit ;
Ah !—to the fruit so forbidden,
That there lay unhidden,
Goldenly placed in each shoot.

EDEN

Then spake the serpent—the tempter, the
hater of woman—

“God-wisdomed creature of love,
Fairer than gold-light above,
Oh ! for the lips so impassioned,
This fair fruit is fashioned,
Take it, O Eden-formed dove.

Unto him Eve—all astonied—then spake
in a tremor—

“Nay, I dare not of it try ;
Nay, for your words are a lie :
Has God not certainly spoken
‘The day thou hast broken
What I have sworn ye shall die’ ” ?

Poison-tongued Satan in taunting and flattery
answered :

“Nay, for the day thou dost eat,
Thou shalt be wise and discreet :
Like to the highest made creature,
Of God-mind and feature,
And for thine Adam most meet.

EDEN

“ You who have right to this garden, the
 beauty of Eden ;
 Right as the king to his crown ;
 Be not unwisely put down ;
Banish this evil-formed terror,
It is but an error,
 Surely no evil will frown.

“ Have I not tasted its fruit, though as thou
 too forbidden ;
 Did not then in me awake
 Wisdom so great that I spake,
And I beheld the great Godhead,
And consciously lauded
 Him whose commandment I brake.

“ And He was pleased with the worship and
 glory I gave him :
 Gave me without a rebuke,
 One divine pardoning look ;
And I who, ere this dumb,
Was filled with new wisdom
 Each time the apples I took.”

EDEN

This was the subtle-toned speech of the
serpent-formed Satan :

This the dark treason of pride,

This the fair preaching that lied :

But 'twas enough to embolden—

O fatal fruit golden—

Woman who long for it sighed.

Then came the hiss of derision, but was she
not god-like !

Did she not see she was fair ;

Cover her form with her hair :

Come unto Adam half fearful,

All blushing and tearful,

Holding the death-giving snare.

“ What hast thou done ? ”—O poor Adam—

“ O damnable weakness :

God ! has the serpent-formed sin

Made the deep curse to begin ?

Give me the gall that I eat it—

O Virtue defeated—

Eat it, for why should I win ?

EDEN

“ Let me not see thee—thine eyes are afire
and unruly ;
Woman, I gnaw to my sore ;
Bury my teeth to the core ;
Curse-giver—deadly delusion—
O my confusion—
Eden, O passed and no more !

“ Would I could gnaw down the curse of
existence as madly :
Horror ! what is it we gain ?
Wisdom ? Ah, folly insane !
Wisdom to know this fine doing
Has purchased our ruin—
Wisdom ! O withering pain !

“ What ! my poor Eve, am I wild ?—O too
open-eared hearer—
Peace, O my love—kiss on kiss—
O without thee where were bliss ?
Thou art my life and my Eden ;
O kisses that sweeten
All the false-fearing we wis.”

EDEN

Nothing gave voice that He knew it, this
trampled-on mandate :

Sweetness through flowers was breathed ;

Beauty through bowers was wreathed :

Sweetness and beauty unbroken,

And love-dream unwoke,

And the wrath-sword still unsheathed.

Now 'tis the cool of the even, and God
through the Garden

Passes with face cold as steel,

And the groves echo his peal :

“ Adam, where art thou ? ” He, hidden,

With Eve came when bidden—

Came forth with guilt to the heel.

Shame on each face and confusion and eyes
bent to ground-ward ;

Trembling, for did they not do it ;

Fearful, for would they not rue it.

Why did the man and the lover

Their nakedness cover ;

Were they not naked and knew it ?

EDEN

“ I heard thy voice in the Garden and feared
being naked ;

Feared to discover my shame :

Shook with dismay in my frame : ”

“ Who told thee ”—God’s voice now spake
it—

“ That thou wast naked ;

Where wast thou now as I came ?

“ What ! Hast thou taken and eaten the
fruit I commanded

Thee not to touch of its meat,

Hast thou gone after deceit ? ”

Adam—“ She whom thou didst give me

In sooth did deceive me,

Gave of the fruit and I eat.”

Unto the woman of Adam’s bold answer the
hearer—

God in a merciless tone—

“ What is this that thou hast done ? ”

She—“ The smooth-speeched one defiled me,

His fair words beguiled me ;

So I gave heed and was won.”

EDEN

Unto the serpent, then, God in a voice full
of anger—

“Curséd above every beast ;
Curséd from greatest to least :
Slayer of happiness—hated
Of all things created,
Vengeance for this is increased.

“For betwixt thee and the woman, ’twixt
her seed and thy seed,
I will put hatred and strife ;
Vex thee with fury all rife :
Curséd too art thou above all ;
Full low shalt thou grovel,
Dust shalt thou eat all thy life.”

Unto the woman he spake—“I will fill thee
with sorrow ;
Thou shalt have travail and pain,
Wishing that thou hadst been slain ;
Over thee Adam shall sway him,
And thou shalt obey him,
And without pity complain.”

EDEN

And unto Adam—"Because to thy wife
thou hast hearkened,
And of my words hast made light,
Therefore for thy sake a blight
Shall be on all. In thy sorrow
Shalt thou on each morrow
Toil in the ground in thy might.

"Out of it shall come up thorns, the briar
and the thistle ;
For as my words thou didst spurn
So shall the sentence be stern :
From the dust thou hast been taken,
Of the dust maken—
Unto it shalt thou return."

So in his anger he drave them away from
their Eden :
Drave forth the man and his wife
Into a desert of strife ;
And at the gate—each way turning—
He placed a sword burning,
Guarding the fruit tree of Life.

MARIE ANTOINETTE

O HEARD you not a distant roll of
thunder ?

Speaks it with vengeance come to
hew asunder

The inhuman spawn of Hell,

And drown their fiend yell,

With vengeance terrible ;

And in one blast of fury burst

Upon the host of Gaul accurst ?

Or was it but a groan no words could utter,

That saw a deed that made all nature shudder,

And maddened fury start,

To see its murd'rous part ;

To see that queenly heart

Of innocence imbued by bloody hands,

And bound with galling fettered bands ?

It was a voice that hurried down from

Heaven,

Calling for vengeance fierce, fire and the

weapon ;

MARIE ANTOINETTE

And in imposing state,
Calling its legions great,
Furies to devastate
Tyrannic myrmidons of brutal Gaul,
And damn them fiercely in its fall.

Where is the tongue to breathe that thrilling
story :
To tell the fall of a great nation's glory ?
Speak, bloody guillotine ;
Speak, France, where is thy queen !
Tell thou of that curst scene :
Thou knowest, dungeoned shrine of Liberty,
Thou glutted conciergerie.

Why has that sweetest queen fallen and
perished ?
Where is that name, of the world so long
cherished ?
Who may recount her wrongs ?
Eloquent—burning tongues
What are your funeral dongs ?
The empty, hollow sound of formal grief,
A faded crown, a gilded sheaf.

MARIE ANTOINETTE

Go to those gloomy walls of mystery ;
Hear them recount their gruesome history :
 Look on their gory stones,
 Hear their abhorrent tones,
 Filling the air with moans :
'Twas here the nation of the guillotine
In exile held its fairest queen.

O bitter be its doom for all her sorrow :
A queen to-day—a thing of naught to-morrow :
 O queen, so pure and great,
 Thrown from thy high estate,
 To feed a nation's hate ;
That gloated on her form with murd'rous
 lust ;
And marred her beauty in the dust.

O God ! Can this be man to whom Thou'st
 given
The image of the wond'rous One of Heaven ?
 How has he marred the impress
 Of Heaven's righteousness
 With demon hideousness,
And whet his fiend tongue in human gore
To yell aloud for oceans more.

MARIE ANTOINETTE

Blush, brutal Gaul—O blush, thou bloody
nation—

Glory, relentless one, in devastation :

Hide from the morning sun,

Thou dark inhuman one,

That deed that thou hast done :

How wilt thou hide from Heaven's vengeful
eyes,

Thou monster of all cruelties?

Where are those oceans filled with endless
waters,

To wash the guilt-stains of thy sons and
daughters?

No fire thy guilt can purge ;

Death but too light a scourge,

Who then to sing thy dirge?

Not earth, nor Heaven—scarce the gates of
Hell

Would open for thee, monster fell.

Where is that beauteous one noble and
queenly,

Bound with those dungeon-chains—gar-
mented meanly?

MARIE ANTOINETTE

Nation of chivalry,
Worn down to tyranny,
Here is thy liberty ;
O how it clanks its iron-fettered chains
To sing to thee in joyous strains !

How beautiful she was, how great her
splendour ;
Her queen-like grace ; her heart so young
and tender :
All, all, has fallen low,
Fallen to glut the foe,
Who in her overthrow
Shrieked in the madness of his demon spleen,
And hugged the brutal guillotine.

Say not this is their Queen, rended asunder ;
Tyranny's fiercest boast, earth's greatest
wonder :
Say not this fair young queen,
Wearing so sweet a mien
Fell at the guillotine
Beneath the chivalry of ancient Gaul ?
A woman ? 'Tis impossible !

MARIE ANTOINETTE

Where are the banners of Liberty glorious ?
Where are those heroes of freedom victorious?

O glorious Unity !

O blest Fraternity !

O magic Liberty !

Where are thy stars immortal ; where their sheen ?

Reply, thou gluttoned guillotine.

Too good she was; too fair for such a nation :
Long shall the world recount with indignation

Of that bloody slaughter

Of earth's fairest daughter,

Queen and royal martyr ;

Who at the tyrant's mandate met her fate

With queenly dignity and state.

AN OLD ROMANCE

A KNIGHT all furious rode,
And raised aloft a battle axe,
And struck the monk's abode;
And through its cloisters wide and far—
Like to the thud of coming war—
The clanging sound echoed.

The Abbot stared amazed,
And smote his cross upon the Knight,
As stern and fierce he gazed
Upon his face, with mantling ire;
And doomed him to eternal fire
If he a weapon raised.

With vengeance raised the Knight
His axe, and with unholy zeal,
He struck with all his might,
And low the monk he made to reel;
Then raising high his flashing steel,
He clove his skull outright.

AN OLD ROMANCE

The monastery moans
To see the red blood flowing free ;
It hears those dying groans,
And trembles strangely at the sight :
But forth unheeding rushed the Knight
Across its reeking stones.

“ Now tell me, fearful monk,”
He cried as one stood trembling by :
“ Or by the Lord your trunk
These cloisters dark shall edify,
And with your saintly brothers lie,
As deep as hell is sunk.

“ Hie ! make you for the cell ;
I seek the form you’ve carried there :
And quicken you, ’tis well—
Delay ! and by the Rood I swear
I’ll leave these cloisters dark and bare
Alone thy fate to tell.”

With trembling fingers clenched
The frenzied monk the cloister keys,
And through dark corridors launched,
All palsied on his tottering knees :
But fierce the door the knight did seize,
And fierce its barriers wrenched.

AN OLD ROMANCE

The door sprung open wide ;
The mystery of his search was there :
“Oh, holy God,” he cried,
“This baleful house my rage shall bear ;
With vengeance I shall make it stare,
And blast it in its pride.”

He struck the ponderous door,
And fearful havoc then awoke
Amid the clotted gore—
A fire leaped out beneath the stroke,
Asunder all the cloisters broke,
And fell with deaf’ning roar.

SONGS OF JUDA

THE STAR IN THE EAST

THE king sat in his banquet hall,
Carousing with his nobles free ;
And slung from roof and trailed from
wall,
Hung Rome's imperial panoply :
Many a winsome face was there,
And jewels bright beyond compare :
Glittering gems of price untold,
And eyes that sparkled bright and bold.

And who is she in dazzling state—
Resplendent as autumnal glow—
Her eyes the seal of a nation's fate ;
Her voice the rippled waters' flow ?
Form of Jewish mould divine ;
Loveliest of all Palestine :
On her brow the jewelled sheen
Of proud tiara.—'Tis the queen.

THE STAR IN THE EAST

But see what ghostly pallor palls
Amidst the sounds of revelry ;
Rome's proud insignia on the walls,
Tremble before their destiny.
Every heart is smitten and dumb ;
No more is heard the music's hum :
And beaded drops of anguish cling
Around the brow of Juda's king.

For ominous sounds and rumours swarm,
And old prophetic words of writ—
That long lain dormant—now alarm,
And like foreboding shadows flit.
The Kings of the East have passed before :
With offerings come they to adore
Him, whose star they had seen in the East ;
But Him they found not at the feast.

Ah, tyrant ! thou dost tremble—thou—
Though backed by all the power of
Rome—
A Baby's breath has blanched thy brow ;
A Babe has vexed thy royal home :
Thy queen has told thee oft before
Of the wond'rous Babe of Jewish lore,
Who comes to set his people free
From bonds of Roman tyranny.

THE STAR IN THE EAST

But there is hope in brutal craft—

That arch dissembler plots and plans
How he shall slay with sudden shaft

The Child whose coming palls his hands.
“These,” he mutters low, “who bring
Homage to an alien King ;

These,” he gloats with bated breath,
“ Shall be the creatures of his death.”

The Kings of the East have knelt before
That mystic King whose star they'd
seen ;

And princely gifts from out their store
Are offered there with lowly mien.

They've passed—unknown to Juda's king—
No secret from them could he wring—

They passed—and incensed—Juda's lord
Vows vengeance and unsheaths the sword.

In Ramoth there is wailing sore :

A mother's mourning rends the air :
And Rachel weeps for those she bore,
And wrings her hands in blank despair.

Oh ! who will bring her comfort now,
To ease the pain of heart and brow ?

Can none restore those she begot ?
No comfort hers, for they are not.

THE STAR IN THE EAST

The king of Juda's gone his way :

His queen—the victim of his hands—
Has closed in blood her jocund day,

And broken through its golden bands.

Rome's eagle ensigns now are furled :

Her standards, that long swayed the world,

Have with her pomp passed on their way,

To fade in ruin and decay.

But He whose star in splendour rose—

Foretelling His immortal birth—

Has vanquished all his deadly foes,

And triumphed over all the earth.

He rules in undisputed sway :

His empire shall not pass away :

Though kingdoms rise and nations foam,

As fierce as did Imperial Rome.

ISRAEL'S DIRGE

BY proud Babylonia Sion's fair daughter,
Maid of captivity, wearied and pale,
Sank down in her grief on the banks
of its waters,
And watered with weeping the flowers of
the vale.

Above her the willows, in proud exultation,
Enshadowed her face from the glare of
the sun ;
Alas, they but told of her late desolation,
And all that the pride of the tyrant had
done.

For there on their branches the harp lay
neglected—
The winds as they swept o'er its chords
mourned her doom—
And refused to play while the captive,
dejected,
Remembered in sorrow the night of her
gloom.

ISRAEL'S DIRGE

And the tyrant that ravished her home
like a lion,
And led her in chains from the land of
her birth,
Demanded a song from the captive of Sion,
And asked in the tears of her sorrow for
mirth.

“Shall the song of the Lord in the land of
the stranger
Be sung by a captive and desolate maid ?
Shall the harp that is still since the hour of
her danger,
Rejoice in the songs that for Sion were
played ?

“Oh ! land of my fathers, if I should forget
thee,
May this hand and its cunning all stiffen
and cold ;
If not in the pangs of my grief I regret thee,
May the depth of my bitterness quicken
ten-fold.

ISRAEL'S DIRGE

“ Remember, O Lord, how the children of
Edom—

When our wail o'er the hills of Judea did
sound—

How they rended with fire and the weapon
our freedom,

And cried ‘ Lay her wasted and low with
the ground.’

“ Proud daughter of Babel, exult not in
glory,

Thy doom is reserved in the thunder's loud
roar,

When the Angel of Wrath with his weapon
all gory,

Cries Bab'lon the ‘ Great of the Earth ’ is
no more.

“ Then happy is he that shall mock at thy
weeping,

That seizeth thy offspring all tender and
fair ;

“ The child of thy love, in thy bosom laid
sleeping,

And hurls it against the proud rocks that
be there.”

“ THE AVENGER ”

THE Lord is the glory of Israel ;
Israel contemned, Israel abhorred :
The Lord will avenge her—
He is the Lord.

For the oath that he swore
To her fathers of old,
For the love that he bore
The lambs of her fold,
He hath bared his arm,
He hath made it strong
To take vengeance on those
That did thee wrong.

For thy anguish, sorrow and trouble,
For thy long, long day of shame,
To thy foes he will recompense double ;
The Lord of Hosts is His name—
He will burn them like fire in the stubble,
Like chaff in the furnace flame.

“THE AVENGER”

Though amongst the pots thou hast lain,
And been smeared with the grime of old ;
Yet thou shalt be as the dove
Whose joyous plumes unfold :
Whose wings are covered with silver,
And her feathers with yellow gold.

IN VARYING MOODS

“THE COMING”

WHEN I think how we love—you
and I—
O sweetheart!—of course you
remember :

I wish that six months were gone by,
And that this was the month of September.

O March—it is bitter and cold,
The wind whistles loudly and shrilly,
And woe to the flower so bold
To emerge, when the blast blows so chilly.

Poor flower—one is nipped in the bud—
You know it, Love's delicate pansy :
Just to think it—when chewing the cud
Of such sweet and such bitter fancy.

Hail ! April, all tears and all smiles ;
How fondly we greet you, fair comer :
Your sweet wayward humour beguiles
The heart that is longing for summer.

“THE COMING”

And the birds blithely utter their song ;
The flowers with their music are spring-
ing,
For those notes are melodious and long,
Like a peal of sweet joybells a-ringing.

But you—like the rest—pass away ;
We pay you our last mournful duty,
Whilst our hearts give their worship to
May,
Quite in love all at once with her beauty.

O suns ever golden and red ;
O skies ever heavened in blue ;
O nights with the moonbeams o’erspread,
And the valleys all glinting with dew!

Now the grey dawn is peeping anon ;
And the morning comes rosy and golden ;
And hope and enchantment roll on
With love ever new though the olden.

But now, in the wane of the moon
We give you our last sigh of sorrow,
And look for the coming of June
With its promises fair in the morrow.

“THE COMING”

Oh, kiss her sweet lips full of love,
And give her the warmth of your greeting;
For she comes on the wings of a dove,
And sets poor Love's pulses a-beating.

But hasten—although a fool I—
And not a whole summer be dreaming ;
For hence comes the month of July,
With love in her swooning eyes beaming.

Now August, majestic and fair,
Brings with her a full tide of pleasures,
In handfuls to pour everywhere,
Till the earth is o'erspread with her
treasures.

But now—dearest heart—full amain
Comes the time—Oh, my love, you
remember ;
O give it a welcome—we twain—
And a kiss for the joy of September.

F. E. B.

FONDLY for thee, my love, my own,
All of the heart's desire is beating ;
No hope, no pastime have I known—
None that is not in you alone—
You, 'round whose name these words are
meeting.

Earth may allure with promised boons,
Life's little round of pleasure cheating
In golden suns and silver moons
Zoned in a beauty rare, though fleeting,
And all the wealth of worlds may here
Before my eyes shine bright and golden—
Elysian-like—but thou are folden
To my heart far more fondly dear,
Here to my heart as in times olden.

Be then my life's joys short or few ;
Unblest be all my toil of daytime ;
Riven and banished from my view
The golden hopes I pledged in Maytime ;
Oh, still that you and I be true—
Naught then shall be but simple playtime.

F. E. B.

FEARFUL at times lest thou dost love
me not—

Art thou the same I knew thee,
when at first

Nigh to this heart I pressed thee—then
so hot—

Never to chill or to abate its thirst ?

Yes, I believe thou'rt still now as at first.

Even when vexed I love thee—when no more
Light of those eyes I look for gives me
hope.

Imaged art thou before me—thou dost soar
Zephyr-like to the heart's unfathomed
slope.

Ah, thou dost ever tell me, when I glance
Beyond the black confines of palsied
doubt,

“ Evil is but the musings of a trance
That thy fond waking eyes can put to
rout ; ”

Hasten, then, love, and put the dark dream
out.

F. E. B.

Bless me in dreaming, so I dream of thee—
Unto my soul be all desire and hope :
Read thou my heart all I would have thee be;
Then shall the bodings of a misanthrope
Obedient to thy fond beseechings flee,
Never again to sadden life's fair slope.

PROMISES

I TURNED o'er many a page, and read
The lines that charmed me long
ago ;
And, Oh ! they called to life the dead
Forgotten names of bliss and woe.

Till on a sudden chance I came
Upon a flower to love-songs pressed :
Hers was the gift and hers the name
That I for long had prized the best.

Poor flower—like you my hopes are seared ;
They promised well in the flush of day,
But when the far-off prospect neared,
They fell and crumbled into clay.

So, let it not be said, “ All things
When striven after well, are won ; ”
Ah no—they spread their golden wings,
And fly away beyond the sun.

A LOVE SONG

WHEN the world in sleep is lying,
And the sea
Sadly, sorrowfully sighing
Like a lover's fond good-byeing
Faint and yet more faintly dying—
Ah, then I dream of thee.

And oft I wake and listen ;
Think I see
Where the streaks of moonlight glisten,
Through the windows of my prison,
Thy fond form before me risen,
O love, that form of thee.

And long I clasp and kiss thee
Dreamily,
Clasping, for I know it is thee,
Folding closely lest I miss thee,
Faint with all the love I kiss thee,
And dead with loving thee.

A LOVE SONG

Oh heart of my heart's beating,

Loved of me.

Like those dreams come all entreating,

Hope and joy and pain and greeting,

Love, with all its fire in meeting,

Till I am lost in thee.

ROSES AND PANSIES

I DREAMED of roses all the night,
Of roses and of pansies :
Oh ! roses red and roses white,
So full of love-wrought fancies.

I smelt the roses beautiful,
The roses and the pansies :
And, Oh ! my blood—till then so cool,
Was lost in strange romances.

I held the roses she had brought ;
The roses and the pansies :
And, Oh ! mine eyes within them sought
The love-light of her glances.

I kissed the roses for her sake ;
The roses and the pansies :
When on a sudden moment brake
The dream and all its fancies.

“ WITHOUT YOU ”

WITHOUT you memory were the
sting of death :
Without you love had died, and
every hope
Had passed down the unfathomable slope,
And life itself had yielded up its breath :
All this without you.

All this, and more—the heart had pined
away :
The tears—those tears of burning agony—
Had flowed in ceaseless sorrow through the
day,
And given to night its hopeless dreams of
thee :
All this without you.

SLANDERS

MY heart is in an evil mood ;
To speak not perhaps were fitter :
But why should I in silence brood,
With feelings wronged and bitter ?

What care I for the poisoned tongue
That but to malice panders ?
What care I though my heart be wrung
By their distempered slanders ?

Why should I now essay to speak
When my best nature is dumb ?
But when I'm angry then I'm weak,
And snap the chords of wisdom.

If I were but phlegmatic, cold,
Discreet, decorous, prudent ;
I might have prizes gained untold,
Like fame's platonic student.

SLANDERS

Whose are the tongues that cry me false ?
The cowardly, fair, and callous ;
Who fortified beneath their shawls,
Shoot petty darts of malice.

Do you believe their shameless lies :
Say would you so ill-use me
To join, though voiceless, in the cries
Of those who dare traduce me ?

No doubt they think their venom'd spleen
Has put me in a panic :
No—long, too long, for that I've been
Hissed at by lips satanic.

I have a name that, come what may,
No upstart hand can tarnish ;
Nor yet plebeian sordid clay
Fleshed in veneer and varnish.

I thought—till thought became a hope—
That none than you were truer ;
And 'listed in love's arms to cope
Against each coming wooer.

SLANDERS

With doubt and fear I hold apart ;
A nightmare in the daytime :
A gloom that saddens to the heart,
Like winter's breath in maytime.

But if your heart as my heart is,
What should I care for danger :
Hope will enthrall me with her kiss,
And doubt be made a stranger.

Farewell. Believe I can be true,
In spite of petty prattles ;
And hold my lance like knight for you,
Throughout a host of battles.

GLORIA MUNDI

HE is not great, who, born in power,
Has all his titles told aloud ;
And for life's brief, but golden hour,
Receives the plaudits of the crowd.

He lives—but with the rolling day,
Fast sinking towards the setting sun,
His dreams of glory pass away,
And all his splendour is undone.

The phantom of his joy is flown ;
The moments that had promised mirth
Have fall'n for ever, one by one,
Without fulfilment to the earth.

His riches, titles, pride and fame,
Were vain to turn the hand of fate ;
And now no longer shall his name
Be told, or handed down as great.

DAY'S PROMISE

SHE stands alone on the threshold of fate—
Light dawns in the stars above :
The lilies and roses for her wait ;
Their odours sweep through the open gate
Of the garden of love.

For a breath through the glowing garden stirs,
And the heads of the flowers are bowed :
The dream of another time is hers ;
Infinite love through her bosom whirs,
And her pulses throb aloud.

In the long, long roll of coming years
That wend their way from the past,
There may perchance come sighs and tears,
In the fierce whirl of hopes and fears :
But joy rings out at last.

For thee, pure heart and gentle soul,
The joy of thy lifetime nears :
Go forth unafraid to thy destined goal,
For I deem thy day shall unclouded roll,
And glow undimm'd by tears.

EVE

LAST formed of all that God made
beautiful—
Being, in whom all that is choice
and fair
Of nature's handiwork is blended—Who'll
Look on thy faultless form and feel not
there
Is more of rapture than he may divine,
More fancy than the thought evokes, or
sense
Unsullied feeds on. Surely every line
Is beauty filled with love the most intense.

EVE'S GARDEN

THE flowery vales of Eden,
Along whose flowing
streams
The fading rays of even
Pour down their glowing beams :

No longer are beholden,
No longer are our own,
For all their beauty golden
Has left the soul and flown.

But when the heart beats lowly,
And wings aloft its way
On pinions spread and holy,
To seek some heavenly ray.

The gates of Eden open
To its enwondered eyes
That dared not to have hopen
So fair a paradise.

LIFE'S DREAM

L OVELY child—so debonair—
Laid to rest
On mother's breast;
Her good angel standing by
Notes the mother's lullaby,
Guards her infant—Oh so fair!
Tends it with untiring care
As it lies nestling there.

Now a little lithesome thing,
Winsome she,
All smiles and glee:
Father, mother, she beguiles
With her little dimpled smiles,
With her little wayward ways,
Oh, she lightens all their days—
That little flower of spring.

Pretty prattler, now sedate,
Schooled and taught
By loving thought;

LIFE'S DREAM

She begins her world of cares,
And in higher pastimes shares:
 She with mother forms a part,
 And is dear to father's heart—
As dear as maid to mate.

Lovers now—a gilded lord
 Does her espouse
 With ardent vows,
Takes her mind from staff and loom,
Tells her tales of golden bloom:
 “Come,” says he, “with me
 away,
 Come to court and roundelay,
And music's maddening chord.”

She, for him, gives up her home,
 Hopes and fears,
 Smiles and tears:
Gone is she with grace and charm
Leaning on her lover's arm,
 Down the path of life they stray,
 Sunlight dancing on their way,
And here and there they roam.

LIFE'S DREAM

Oh, the court is mad and gay,
Dance and rout
And joyous shout ;
But she knows, though all seems fair,
There is something lacking there ;
But she knows her lover's heart
Forms no more with hers a part,
And *her* home's far away.

VANITAS

WILT thou love when nights of
gloom
Cloud the splendour of thy dream:
When the flower has lost its bloom,
And the sun its golden beam:

When the passion born of youth,
Now no longer is athirst;
When thou canst discern the truth,
And the dream of life is burst?

All that thou didst hunger for,
Caught within resistless coils;
Till, like conquering warrior,
She has carried off the spoils.

Once the flower, but now the fruit—
Is it mellow to the taste?
Does the heart in heart take root:
Is her image uneffaced?

VANITAS

Or has life lived out its day,
After toil of hopeless years,
And the spirit gone its way
In a cataract of tears?

Hearts may throb and eyes be wet,
Looking back into the past;
For the sun of life is set,
And the midnight cometh fast.

SLEEP

THE dark clouds mantle all the earth,
And the sad brooding sight
Beholds the dim foreshadowings
All deepen into night,
And close the sunny gates of light.

The eyelids heavily fall in sleep,
And the form mimics death;
So silent laid in drowsiness,
That were there not a breath
To cheat the seeming, 'twould be death.

And so, throughout the live-long night,
The muffled fancies crowd
Around us like bewildering dreams,
'Till rose-light dawns the shroud,
And the blush is on the morning cloud.

MAN'S DEBACLE

IN his own image God made primal man :
To mar that image is the devil's plan.
Eden was man's—a heaven beneath
 skies :
Till Satan drove him from his paradise :

And now when Heaven's High-born has
 oped the gate,
And bids us enter ere it be too late,
Man trifles with the boon—he needs must
 stay—
Till Heaven is closed and Satan bars the
 way.

“A MONODY OF LIFE ”

NIGHT !—death-born night !—can
none escape thy tomb ?
Thou spreadest thy sinister mantle,
and a gloom
Envelops all that late, so late, did bloom.
Oh, devastating doom !

The last sad glancing of the fading sun :
The sickly smile of eve whose hour is run :
The strong man striving for the goal unwon :
Cry out, “ undone ! undone ! ”

The pinings and the farewells that are heard,
Passing the wooded lines from bird to bird,
With his, who knows no comfort—having
erred ;
Are all with thee interred.

The hopes that sprung in brightness with
the morn,
The promises that were in love's eyes born,
The flowers that bloomed within the fields
of corn,¹
Are withered in thy scorn.

“A MONODY OF LIFE”

The strong and earnest sighings after truth ;
The lips that groan for peace in very sooth,
Are curst of thee—and thy hard pitiless tooth
Gnaws down the germ of youth.

The love that has been turned into hate :
The wrongs that have been done the low
estate :
The proud and ill-got titles of the great,
Have yet an unlearnt fate.

The strivings after much is only vain :
The fairest of our joys is built on pain ;
And in our sunshine tears of sorrow rain ;
And so there is no gain.

Better that it be so—for where's the mind
Of those to come, like those long left behind,
Who, seeking panaceas, do not find
All dark as they are blind ?

It is a problem that is plunged in doubt,
That time, the great discerner, worketh out,
But for poor time-made man, the sneer and
flout
Mock what he is about.

“ A MONODY OF LIFE ”

Wither to shrivelled death the brain, tongue,
heart,
And let the mind no longer play a part
Of prince amid degenerated art,
Bartered in every mart.

The great are so, for worship loves to gild—
The glory of their intellect is filled
With that one weak-great thought of how
to build
A name and then be killed.

And so the line of lion-thought made kings
Is hailed with empty plaudits, and the rings
Of mercenary, idiotic things,
Flapping their broken wings.

Farewell the host of madmen, insane, fools,
The worshipped beasts and their subservient
tools,
Caring for naught, so long—poor witless
mules—
As an imposter rules.

PRO PATRIA

UNITY

CEASE feuds and party clamour,
And the din of civil strife ;
Now stem the angry torrents
That are menacing our life ;
Stand man to man like brothers brave
Who fought in days of yore
When the ruthless foe came stealthily
To devastate our shore.

God ! can we strive like foemen
Each with each who brothers are ;
God ! can we wage against ourselves
Fierce internecine war :
Is there no manhood in our breasts,
No method in our hate,
But thus to work our ruin
When the foes are at the gate.

UNITY

Oh, had we from the ages
That are past, experience gained ;
We read of wreck and havoc,
And the ruin that has reigned :
We see the myriads that fell
In those inglorious days
When the fierce fratricidal war
Rose madly into blaze.

When brother's hands in brother's blood
Were savagely imbrued ;
When honour, valour, gallantry,
Were to the four winds strewed :
When love went out and hate came in,
And hellish carnage swayed,
And Freedom spread her pinions
And fled weeping and dismayed.

Oh ! is there now to woo her back ?
Not with division fierce ;
Not when the hand we grasp draws back,
Its brother's heart to pierce :
Not till each heart throbs true and leal
To country, and each hand
Is grasped and pledged in brotherhood,
Throughout our native land.

UNITY

When ancient feuds are perished,
And hurtful words are crushed ;
And taunts and bitter wranglings
Are once for ever hushed :
Then, not till then I deem it,
Will liberty be seen ;
And her banners shall be glorious
With the orange and the green.

“ SIXTEEN EIGHTY-EIGHT ”

WHO fears to speak of “ Eighty-eight ? ”

Whose hearts are not aflame
To do again those daring deeds
Which won our country fame,
When William came across the seas
And freedom to us bore ?
Then true men, like you men,
Will think of him once more.

One hand upon the Bible laid,
His right hand on his sword :
“ I come,” said he, “ at your behest
To drive the traitor horde ;
To strike the fetters off your land,
To end the craven’s reign :
The liberties of England,
And its rights I will maintain.”

“SIXTEEN EIGHTY-EIGHT”

Off shrunk the base and bigot James
 'Mid scorn and withering jeers,
And William marched to victory,
 Acclaimed with swelling cheers;
The cause of freedom and of right
 Was fought for and was won;
And James's crown went toppling down,
 And William's reign begun.

Then who will flinch from fire or sword
 Should dangerous times arise;
Should foes march rampant o'er the land,
 We firm our ranks will close:
Stand man to man, and undismayed
 The onset we'll await;
And meet with sword the rebel horde
 Like men of “Eighty-eight.”

I E R N É

1863

PLOUGHING through the surging
water,
Come the vessels filled with foemen,
Come the Saxon spear and bowmen,
Armed with ruin, death, and slaughter.

Not come they for thy redressing,
Not for feats of kingly splendour,
Not their courtesy to tender,
But to give thee curse for blessing.

But to break thee and subdue thee,
Send the blight of ruin through thee,
To be heralds of thy doom:
Death to all thy former glory,
All thou hadst in ancient story,
Henceforth buried in the tomb.

IERNÉ

From the shores of Iern's sister,
O'er the bright and laughing ocean,
An arméd vessel proud in motion
Pushed away the waves that kissed her ;
A human cargo carried she,
And quickly sped, nor tarried she,
But proudly rode the billows,
And raised aloft her gearing :
Quick, quick to port she's nearing
Where harps shall hang on willows.

.

The sun athwart her mountains
Is glowing. Through her valleys
Its golden light on fountains
Is sparkling—Where it dallies
Flashes wealth supernal,
In a blaze eternal.

Now it leaves, and twilight tender
Pales, and dark night's sombre
garments
Hide away the morning's splendour,
Hide from thee thy world of torments ;
Hide the restless eyes that glisten,
Hide the hand that is uprisen,

IERNÉ

Deadly weapons to oppose thee,
Deadly weapons to enclose thee.

From thy doom haste, O thou daughter
Of Ierné's Isle, O speed thee :
Fire and sword shall work thy slaughter,
Blood full soon shall flow like water ;
Fly where'er thy fate may lead thee.

Valiant standard of the Isle—
Float, O banner, proudly float,
Let thy sway of ancient note
Cast around triumphant smile :
Let thy children far remote
Hear how great their fathers fought ;
Iern, how thy noble son
Fought, and how the day was won.

Float again, O banner bold,
Avenge the wrongs of Iern's child ;
Lead him forth to rend the fold
Of traitors who their country sold,
Who took the fell invaders' gold,
As on her form all bruised and cold,
As on her wrongs the victor smiled.

IERNÉ

Sleep Ierné—sleep thy last ;
Let thy heart retain no sadness :
Let thy dreams be dreams of gladness
Of the glories of the past,
Till thy day shall be ;
Till the day has come for conquest,
Come the day for which thou longest,
When thy arm for fight is strongest,
And thy sons are free.

MY COUNTRY

O ERIN my land, thou art torn
asunder ;

Woe, woe is thee :

Thy sons have gorged themselves with thy
plunder,

They have stripped thee and made thee a
sign and a wonder,

And left thee a wreck on a troubled sea.

Their greed for gain has wrought thy
division ;

Woe, woe is thee :

Thou once did'st seem a heaven-sent vision,
But now thou art hissed at with scorn and
derision,

And numbed with the stupor of agony.

Yes, these were thy sons, the false and the
sordid ;

Woe, woe is thee :

Thy fame and thy glory they little regarded,
They sought but their own, and thy honour
discarded,

And feasted themselves on thy misery.

FUGITIVE PIECES

A REMINISCENCE OF THE BOER WAR

THEN spake that old curmudgeon,
And at 'is joke 'e lorf—
“There's a Steyn on my escutcheon,
And de Wet won't wipe it orff.”

'Then a feelin' o'er 'im hoverin',
'E said this 'ere in sobs—
“They goes and takes their sovereign,
And changes 'im for Bobs.”

And 'e thought it horrid grievous,
And a big sigh 'e did 'eave—
“If Gen'ral French won't leave us,
Why then we'll take French leave.”

And 'e mused upon his Vrau,
And felt like to be switchen'er,
For 'e surmised somehow
She'd taken up with Kitchener.

REMINISCENCE BOER WAR

At this 'e lurched and fumbled,
And 'is pipe with baccy stored,
And to its fragrance tumbled,
'Till 'e looked completely Boer'd.

SHEPHERDS AND SILLY SHEEP

SOME rogues in goodlie garments
 cladde
Do open wide y^e gulfe :
And cry to innocent sheepes,
 Goode gentylemen “ y^e wolfe ! ”
Y^e sillye sheepes run they then
 Unto y^e bawlynge saynte,
And seem to saie now help us syr,
 For we do well-nygh faynte.

Y^e knavysh shepherde taketh then
 Y^e goodlie paire of sheares,
And cropppythe all y^e sheepes
 From y^e tailes unto y^e eares :
And when by dynt of stuffynge sore,
 They get theyre sakes full ;
They mind not that y^e wolfe catch
 them,
An they have got y^e wool.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA

(TRANSMOGRIFIED)

TURN, sweet grimalkin fair and sleek,
A boon, sweet lady, pray,
For naught I've eaten for a week
But scrapings thrown away.

All desolate this world I range,
Blind, friendless and alone,
Whilst too—alack—relentless mangle
Has claimed me for its own.

And though my outward coat is bad,
And wrinkled is my skin,
Alas, I know that I am clad
More poorly still within.

A bone—though all bereft of meat—
I crave, for meat is high,
Then I'll lay down on my poor feet
In gratitude to die.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA

Forbear, grimalkin cries, forbear—
 Whilst tears stood in her eye,
Tho' ill indeed has been your fare,
 O never, dear, say die.

Though meat is high, you need not sigh,
 For you shall be my guest,
And lick your chops before you die,
 O'er a fine chicken's breast.

For though full little was my sense
 When I was young and gay,
I learn, now late, to reverence
 The hoary head and grey.

The stranger though worn out with fag,
 Looked mighty pleased and strong,
And though he'd little tail to wag,
 He wagged that little long.

The pantry door is now in view,
 And both steal softly in,
And the poor guest with visage blue,
 Howls with a hungry grin.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA

Ah—puss is there—but now, O where
The stranger? See him sit
On his hind legs—a wretched pair,
To catch the tempting bit.

That tempting bit that puss let drop,
So neatly from the shelf,
And hunger being hard to stop,
He eats it all himself.

And when the stranger-guest is filled,
And eaten all he could,
The chicken breast so nicely grilled,
With other things as good.

He tells with many a sigh and groan,
And rumbling noise within,
How once he'd spurn to gnaw the bone,
Bereft of fat and lean.

And how he lived like any gent,
That hunted o'er the bogs,
Until the nasty government
Had put a tax on dogs.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA

“Then was I driven,” cried the guest,
“My very bread to ax,
Because my master’d see me blest,
Before he’d pay the tax.

“And though I mourn my daily task,
To beg from door to door
(And oft, forsooth, I vainly ask),
I mourn a kitten more.

“A kitten that was scarce sixteen
Weeks old, a little free,
And skittish she was too, I ween,
As kits are apt to be.

“Now could I see that kitten slim,
My own, my lovely Sue,”
“O stay”—grimalkin cries—“My Jim,
My darling, is that you!”

But now they’re twigged—and Molly Beggs
Knocks Jim’s poor head of grey;
Jim with his tail between his legs,
Howls out and limps away.

THE NEW INCARNATION

ALL things that bother me I shirk,
I never do a stroke of work :
 To sit and loll and while away
 The hours that go to make the day,
Are quite my line, for I confess
I love a life, of idleness.

I might, of course, if I did choose
Try now and then to be of use ;
 Or strive to please, or at the most,
 Show slight attention to mine host :
I never stir a hand or limb,
To do the slightest thing for him.

What matters if I am but clay,
And all my instincts I obey ?
 I love to spell out by degrees
 A life of gentlemanly ease.
To eat and drink voluptuous fare,
For other things I do not care.

THE NEW INCARNATION

My friends who do not know me well,
All think me irreproachable ;

 In conversation how I shine !

 Their fathers, mothers, envy mine :
Abroad they think me not a sham,
But those at home know what I am.

“RUSSIA IN THE NINETIES”

GO wash in “Blesséd” Neva’s flood,
Incarnadined with thy children’s
blood ;

“Little Father—White—White Tzar—
Little Father, thy children we are.”

“Holy Russia ” ? earth’s disgrace,
Tear the mask from hellish face :
Rotten, with leprous spots within—
Show the wolf beneath the skin.

Wolfish jaws and bear-fleshed teeth,
Gushing with human blood beneath ;
Glutted with blood of those she’s borne,
Mangled, shotted, clotted and torn.

Wretched serfs whose life spells out
The Grand Duke’s lust and Cossack’s
knout.

“THE TZAR’S CORONATION”

1896

THE orphan’s cry, the widow’s
wail—

What heeds the High Estate?
No mourning in the banquet halls—
No sorrow at the fête.

All, all is joy and revelry :
The maddening whirl of feet
Midst jocund music, scintillates,
Whilst Death stalks through the street.

Heard you no cry of agony
From the shrieking, seething mass
Of human souls—those low-born serfs—
Crushed in the awful pass?

They heard but heed not. Pile the dead
Upon the funeral car :
A holocaust : in honour of
The crowning of the Tzar.

“ A VANISHED POWER ”

WHERE are those thrones,
Sceptres and royalties,
Kingdoms whose stones
Built up monarchies ?
Over their beauty
Vengeance is blown,
And in their triumph
Are all overthrown.

Go to those halls
Mighty in ancient days :
Swept are their walls,
Cleft are their battlements :
Yet there is something
To tell of the sway
That fulminated forth of them
And passed away.

Ruins of those
In their days mighty ones,
Taking repose
Under those fallen stones,

“ A VANISHED POWER ”

When in the fury
And fierceness of fate,
Kingdoms and armies
Fell with the great.

Great their array
Facing the enemy ;
Fierce their dismay
When the proud armaments
Poured forth destruction
And in one blow
Left all their sons of war
Stricken and low.

Was there no fear
When saw the enemy
All disappear
Lowly and terribly ;
When their powers rumbled ,
Louder than hell,
And their towers tumbled,
Crumbled and fell ?

Were there none left
To seek the fallen ones ;
Panged and bereft
Of all their warlike sons :

“ A VANISHED POWER ”

Some who in wildness
Sought out their bones,
Raised up their corpses
Under the stones ?

Fierce is the cry,
Fierce the bewailing
For those who lie
Under those thunderbolts.
Stern desolation
Covers the plains,
Ruins stupendous,
All that remains.

ROME IMPERIAL

ROME ! Rome ! What evil doth
betide thee, Rome ?
Why, but in rage of impotence
dost foam
And gnash thy teeth in fury ? Where's
thy might,
And where's the sway that did thy sons
delight ?
Fretted and worn and tott'ring to decay ;
Grasping the sceptre, spectre of thy sway—
Thy glory hath undone thee, and thy
might
Hath vanished from thee like the dream
of night :
Thy glory is the gilding of a cloud,
Thy sweet delusion and thy cov'ring shroud.



POLITICAL

“A RULER OF MEN”

THAT strenuous-looking man with
falt'ring gait,
With arm too weak to hold the
reins of state :
Ruler of men, submitting to mob-rule,
In more ambitious hands the pliant tool.

Two ruthless factions hold him in their grip,
And force the pace, while swift the moments
slip,
Till, nerveless from the never-slacking
strain,
He seeks an anodyne to lull his brain.

With look that seems o'erwrought with
thought intense,
Fashioned to make him seem a rock of sense,
But under all that posture we can trace
A something unsubstantial at the base.

“ A RULER OF MEN ”

Sculptured to look the thing he feign would
dare,

But cannot do—he sits in Cæsar’s chair.

Such posing antics have gone far enough,
Mere party-acting in a game of bluff.

Portentous, solemn and with cryptic brow,
Author of statescraft shame should disavow,
Waiting on fortune’s hand to vanquish
fate—

To leave him free to undermine the state.

With subtle tongue, and interwoven speech,
Making a catch of those within his reach ;
Till honour’s form is made to look
uncouth,
And falsehood wantons in the garb of truth.

Samson-like, shorn of his power-given locks,
Sporting with trifles while the empire rocks.
To hold his own he needs must play the
fool—

To save his pension he concedes Home
Rule.

THE CONSTITUTION

1894

IT stands secure upon a rock,
 Coeval with a nation's rise—
 It fears no democratic shock,
Nor creatures hired to curse and mock,
 Nor the old madman's frantic cries.

That grand impostor, despot he,
 Who cannot brook to be gainsaid,
Would trail the crown through infamy,
And force the peers to bend the knee,
 And a proud nation's power degrade.

Cat-like and treacherous, insincere,
 Arrogant, wily, blatant, vain ;
Grasping at power with strain severe ;
Disaster's reckless pioneer,
 Dragging wild havoc in his train.

THE CONSTITUTION

Well, let him flaunt his idle threat ;
The peers are not thus terrified :
His warlike ravings may beget
Terrors in breasts of minions—yet
We'll let the poor old driveller chide.

For, Samson-like, none such as he
Can wrest the pillars of the state :
Not all the vile democracy
Inflamed by art of villainy
Can make its lofty towers vibrate.

It stands secure, and coming time—
We hope a fairer, happier birth—
Will see it rear itself sublime
In beauty—fashioned in its prime,
Long after he has gone to earth.

THE HOME RULE BILL

1886—1893—1911

THE cry went forth the Home Rule
Bill
Must somehow be pushed through;
No matter how—cried Gladstone—while
I have my Irish crew.
A motley, servile gang they be,
Made ready to my hand ;
They are the useful tools designed
To work out my command.

They feared and quailed before the glance
Of Parnell's steady eye ;
I bade them strike their idol down ;
I longed to see him die :
In him they plunged their poisoned darts,
They plunged them to the hilt,
And revelled then like demons in
The life-blood they had spilt.

THE HOME RULE BILL

Those dogs of war and havoc—they
The spawn of greed and hate ;
The scourge of their own country, and
The menace of the state :
He struck a bargain with those churls,
Keep me in place and power ;
And I will then your champion be,
And make the Tories cower.

They vowed—those perjured minions—then
Their master they'd obey ;
They fawned on him, as on their chief,
Their hate had turned to clay ;
They bade the arch-dissembler then
With England play the fool ;
And they would staunchly serve him in
The mandate for Home Rule.

What cared he whether England fell,
Or *her* might was undone—
What cared he for her glories past
Or the battles she had won—
His care was not for England, no,
His care was all for self ;
For the glory of his tarnished name,
For his love of power and pelf.

THE HOME RULE BILL

What cared he whether Ireland's sons,
The noble and the true,
Were gored by recreant dastard hands,
That well such work could do :
The fabric of the empire might
Be torn and rent in twain,
So long as his insulting form
On its ruins should remain.

By artifice and subtlety,
By lying and deceit,
He lured the men of Britain, and
He trod them with his feet ;
With witchcraft and the devil's art,
And soft mesmeric hand,
He played the very mischief with
The children of the land.

With tongue as smooth as angel's, and
A face as dark as hell,
He wrought his subtle wonders, and
He worked his magic spell :
What mattered it that England woke,
And stood out like a tower,
When the rebel horde of Ireland came
To foist him into power.

THE HOME RULE BILL

'Twas meet that he their god should be,
To him they made their prayers ;
The betrayer of his country, he,
The traitor they of theirs :
He held power by the favour of
His eighty blatant braves,
By a compact with a servile gang,
By a contract made with knaves.

And twice he strove to force his Bill,
And twice ignobly failed—
Before the land's electorate
That potent leader quailed :
He might brow-beat his party men,
And make them work his part ;
But to dragoon a Britisher
Was quite beyond his art.

And now a third time from its shroud
Comes this ill-boding Bill ;
'Tis left to Asquith's feebl' hands
The compact to fulfil :
Will he succeed where Gladstone failed,
Has he more might than he,
We rather think he won't, but then
We'll have to " wait and see."

BELFAST CITY HALL FIGHT

JULY, 1912

TO the Cabinet Council 'twas Winston
that spoke—
“Ere Home Rule is fixed there'll
be powder and smoke :
Then he who loves bunkum and hustlers
like me,
Let him hie him to Ulster and fill my
marquee.

“Come man me the navy and call out the
troops,
Ere our spirits go down or our Dutch courage
droops ;
And he who loves windbags and swankers.
like me
Let him follow the member for bonnie
Dundee.”

To the North hied our gallant in battle-
array ;
The trumpets were blowing, the town was
all gay :

BELFAST CITY HALL FIGHT

But the big men of Ulster with banners
and blare
Gave the member for Dundee a bit of a
scare.

So away from the North 'midst derision and
hoots
Sped the Lord of the Navy with spurs to
his boots :
And, oh, it was sad, and as sad as could
be,
For the fate of the member of bonnie
Dundee.

“ ULSTER-A-POO ”

THEY come, they come, with fife and
drum,
Their cheering makes the blood
stir ;
The North's awake and no mistake :
Hurrah for bonnie Ulster !

John Redmond strove to have his way ;
His plans were mighty fine too :
He thought—the fool—to have “ Home
Rule,”
And make us toe the line too.

With Asquith and his sodden crew,
He thought for to betray us ;
But faith—the man he little knew—
Such tricks could not dismay us.

At us they sneered, at us they jeered,
And thought we'd run like cattle :
We taught them we were not afeared,
And stood to give them battle.

“ ULSTER-A-BOO ”

They thought we'd take it lying down,
Because we'd been so quiet ;
And separate us from the Crown ;
Well—let them come and try it.

The blood that's in us has come down
From Puritan and Roundhead,
Who manned the walls of Derry town,
When James's cannon pounded.

They drove the despot from the gate,
Because he would not heed them ;
And at Boyne's water sealed his fate,
For William came to lead them.

Aughrim had fallen to his sword ;
His conquests, sure, were thrilling,
When 'cross the Boyne he drove the horde,
With shouts from Inniskilling.

To Dublin Castle straight James ran ;
His generals could not find him—
What cared he for his Irish clan
That followed fast behind him.

“ULSTER-A-BOO”

To Dame Tyrconnell, said his Grace:

“Sure, my defeat is stunning ;
Your Irish—though they cannot face
The foe—are good at running.”

“Indeed,” quoth she, “that sooth may be ;
Your horse is, sure, a pacer ;
Your men but took a hint from ye ;
But you have won the race, sir.”

The first King James of that fell name,
To our forefathers granted
Those lands the rebels once did claim—
And there our seed he planted.

He struck a bargain with them straight,
That was to be undying ;
That they should garrison the state,
And keep the flag a-flying.

They kept that bargain to a man,
And were all true and leal ;
But now the Cabinet's got a plan
To send us to the de'il.

“ ULSTER-A-BOO ”

But sorra-a-bit we mean to go,
Come war or sore disaster ;
Our arms will thrust through many a foe,
Ere Redmond be our master.

What have we done to earn this shame,
What outrage could be greater ?
Do Redmond's rebels think us tame ?
Has England then turned traitor ?

We gave our blood to 'fend the throne ;
Our sons to wars did speed them :
Our lives we counted not our own,
Once England's King did need them.

Is it for this we must be banned ?
Shall traitors from us sever
Our right with England firm to stand ?
Our one reply is—" Never !"

U L S T E R

1910

C O M E forth my men, my stalwart men,
O'er moor and field and ferry :
Through mountain pass and highland
glen,
And from the walls of Derry.

The traitor foe is up in swarms
To wrest our freedom from us ;
But we will let them feel our arms,
Of that we sure can promise.

We are no cravens, nor like sheep
Shall we go to the slaughter ;
But like our sires who rode knee-deep
To victory through Boyne's water.

The Prince of Orange, not in vain,
Has saved us from Home Ruling ;
The rights he gave us we'll maintain,
And have no sort of fooling.

APHORISMS AND PASSING THOUGHTS

HOPE

ONLY for its elusive hopes, the world would
be honeycombed with suicides.

EXPERIENCE

Mouthing the golden fruit of the Hesperides, and finding only the ashes of the apples of Sodom.

CONSCIENCE

Conscience may suffer an abrasion,
From an excess of moral suasion.

ALTRUIST

To worship the casket that contains the
jewel, means a blemished ritual.

RULE

A strong, forcible and inflexible policy, is
better for a nation, than one that is weak
and pliable.

APHORISMS

ENVY

'Tis even now as 'twas in times of old,
The thirst to vilify, disgrace, defame :
For pleasant it is to blacken and bring to
shame ;
To smirch the lily and debase fine gold.

VANITY

With skimpy skirts was this one modelled ;
Faked-up, patched, painted, tooled and
doddled.

“ WISDOM ”

Ask not when wisdom's blind with anger,
When in his eyes there lurks a flame ;
Wait for the time when comes a languor,
And the demon that roused his ire is tame.

BEAUTY

The classic form, the mould of face,
The blush of youth that never dies,
Are naught—though wrought by art and
grace,
If soul speaks not in beauty's eyes.

CLOUDS

Seraphic forms encircled in bright and shimmering shrouds,
Diaphanous waves of fire-flames vanishing
into clouds.

APHORISMS

“TRUTH ”

From deep wells I have drawn the hidden
truth,
From deep mines dug unsullied gold,
Those mysteries which the past did hold,
When it was barely in its youth.

THE TEMPTRESS

When Eve had fallen, nature was not slow
To pave the way for Adam's overthrow.

STATESMANSHIP

We have no doubt been rough on you ;
We mean to make it rougher ;
'Tis held by all authorities,
In cases of minorities,
Minorities must suffer.

OBITUARY—G.B.S.

Imp of humanity,
Nurtured in vanity,
Curst with profanity,
Wrecked by insanity,
Died of inanity.

APHORISMS

MAN

Man comes ! who knows from whence he
comes or goes?

A fly-blow on the carcase of the earth—
Then crawls a maggot, next a grub that
grows
A chrysalis awaiting mystic birth.

O Great Divine! to think this speck of dross
Distorted, specious, volatile and vain,
Under the magic influence of the Cross
Shall rise seraphic, fit for God's domain.

TRUST

As the trees are shaken
The leaves are strewn ;
So our pleasures are taken,
And rudely thrown.
But God doth defend us
When the whirlwinds have swelled,
Lest the tree be uprooted
And suddenly felled.

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